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HELPING TIME SERVE THE INMATE

TIMES

CHANGING



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CHANGING TIMES

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Volume II

Number II

HELPING TIME SERVE THE INMATE

CHANGING TIMES is published monthly by the Library Department at the Regional Reception Centre at Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

Written, Edited and Produced by inmates, it is intended to act as a medium to bring about better and lasting understanding among the inmates and, at the same time be an instrument of communication with the outside world.

Permission for publication of material in CHANGING TIMES is freely given on the understanding that usual credit be given.

Unsolicited submissions will be welcome but we regret that we cannot promise the return of manuscripts.

Subscriptions are available at the low cost of \$2.00 per year. Write us at this address:

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The opinions expressed herein, unless otherwise specified are those of the Editor. They do not necessarily represent those of the Administration.

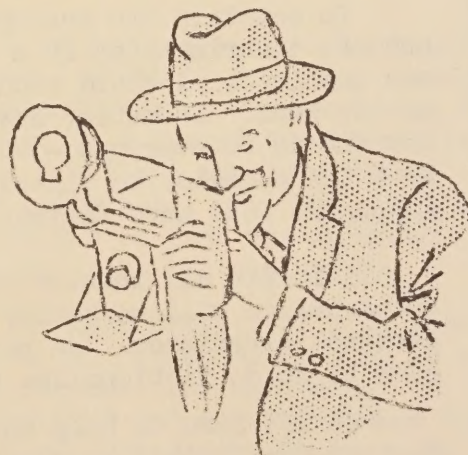
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SMILE AT SOMEONE TODAY - IT'S CATCHING

EDITORIAL



Periodically, Editors should turn the spotlight upon their own efforts, upon their own publication. Although I am not particularly addicted to "soul searching", I do think that critical examination of one's work is a good preventative against stagnation and a fine stimulus to improvement.

In newspaper parlance, CHANGING TIMES is a house organ. It is, in fact, a "big house" organ! In Canada, schools, universities, some of the larger plants and Senior Citizen's homes (to name a few) publish their own magazines. As a

rule, such publications are devoted to intra-mural activities - activities with special emphasis on the social activities of a particular group. This means that, by and large, they are not generally of interest to the public at large (no pun intended).

CHANGING TIMES is a house organ of a special kind. Although published by the inmates of one institution, a penitentiary, it is of some considerable interest to many people in the free world in as much as crime and punishment are problems of active social interest.

We try to portray the life (or shall I say the existence?) of men behind prison walls. It is frankly dedicated to the proposition that enlightened penology is a socially desirable development, benifitting not only the inmate but society as a whole.

To succeed in its purpose the magazine MUST BE THE EXPRESSION OF A CROSS-CUT OF THE PRISON POPULATION. To be of interest to both inmates and the subscribers in the free world it MUST BE WRITTEN BY MANY INMATES REPRESENTING A VARIETY OF OPINION, APPROACH AND ABILITY.

To maintain the present interest in our magazine, we must encourage and promote contributions from many more inmates than the relatively small number now involved. I could count the number of contributors over the past year on one hand! No matter how talented some may be, it is our duty to open up new fields to everyone - we must take the least line of resistance and ask that the magazine be filled with the writings of everyone. Should this not happen we will have failed.

I invite all inmates to write of their experiences: stories, poems, and articles will be better and can be more easily written if based on one's personal experience. We poor amateurs will do better to stick with experience, even if we do fictionalize to a degree.

We are here to help the aspiring story teller, poet or essayist to the best of our limited knowledge and experience. Let us together improve our magazine!

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

This case against capital punishment, by Christian Smith, Director of Health Education (at that time) appeared in a 1953 issue of THE TORONTO STAR.

Even today, more than twenty years later, it still makes a lot of sense -- perhaps even more.

The Star's editorial of December 18 on "Executions -- Where And How" recalls the Blair Committee of the House Of Commons, which, about 1937, studied methods of capital punishment and came to the conclusion that hanging should be retained. I believe the reason given was that it was more repulsive than other methods.... and therefore a greater deterrent. The Committee disregarded evidence that capital punishment rarely if ever deters. The Warden of an American institution where the gas chamber was in use was asked by the committee whether he considered death by cyanide gas a greater deterrent than the gallows, and he came back with the forthright statement that he considered neither a deterrent.

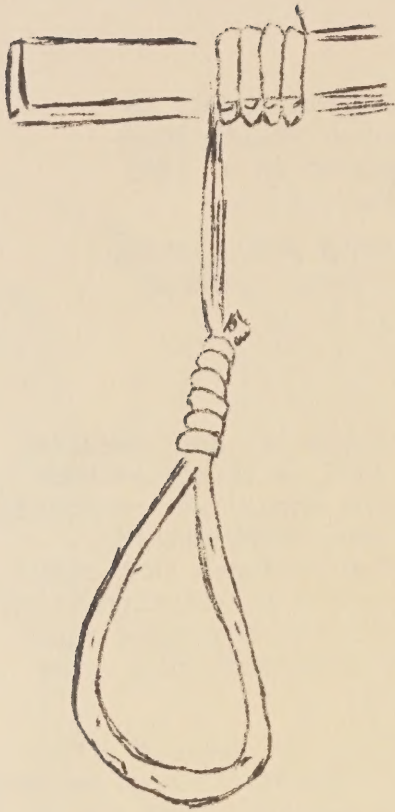
The idea that capital punishment deters potential murderers is one of the most persistent myths we have cherished, giving it all the force of truth. The fact is that in spite of capital punishment, and the horror of the gallows, we still have many murders in Canada. Except in cases of deliberate homicide, such as in slow poisoning, the perpetrator seldom pauses to reflect on the possible consequences to himself. The deliberate killer on the other hand, is not deterred because his vanity leads him to believe that he will not be caught.

My objection to the death penalty is not prompted by maudlin sympathy for men such as Suchan and Jackson, although I have met others who were deserving of sympathy because they were unmistakably the victims of circumstances. I have seen that a shameful death punishes severely the families and relatives of executed persons. My profound sympathy, for instance, went to the parents, brothers and sisters of a 22 year-old who was executed in my province a few years ago. It extends even more to the large families of children left by two other men who were executed. If family disunity and desertion play havoc with children, how much more shame of a father who was hanged.

A few years ago the dean of a Canadian law school repudely favored retention of the death penalty, not as a deterrent or even as a punishment, but because it was a psychological safety valve for the communities aggressive tendencies -- a blood sacrifice, perhaps, for the sins of all of us. An execution then would take the place of programs, discriminations, labor disputes -- and heavens knows what else, perhaps even help to head off war. When we hang a man such as Suchan, we can thank God -- like the pharisees, that we are not as he.

I am opposed to the death penalty because I think it does the community far more harm than good and that it has no place in a Christian democratic society. I believe in the worth of every human being and I have had experiences to convince me that the murderer is no different from the rest of us.

The case history of a 16 year-old boy who was condemned in 1936 is a good illustration. The community in which he committed was resentful when the sentence was commuted by Ottawa, to which petitions for clemency bearing many names had been sent. A United church congregation added some 350 names with the statement that they accepted communal responsibility for the boy's offense.



Two Wardens and interested citizens who were willing to accept responsibility for the lad, recommended parole at various times during the 15 years he was in penitentiary. He was finally liberated on ticket-of-leave 2 years ago, found good employment with the help of a John Howard society, and this year graduated in arts from a university. When sent to penitentiary this boy had grade six education. He emerged with practically all requirements for an arts degree. He finished his studies at university summer school this year.

When I asked this boy what he intended to do when he graduated he said he intended to go into the field of delinquency prevention. Thus the community benefits because there were people in 1936 and subsequently who believed his worth, who felt that the state should not take the stand that a neglected, misguided boy was entirely worthless and unfit to love, and live.

I think that to the man condemned to die, the loss of life and the means by which he is to be put to death may be no more terrible than the fact that he has been considered unfit to live with other men. This utter rejection is, of course, a negation of the Christian conviction of the worth of every human being. I feel, too, that if it is true that God forgives the repentant offender, and Christ loves the repentant sinner, then the least society can do is to do likewise.

SURPRISED!

OLD SOL CLIMBED OVER THE WALL TODAY
A-HUNTING FOR CRITTERS GONE ASTRAY;
HE SPIED AND SHOT ME BETWEEN THE EYES
AND WHEN I BLINKED HE BEAMED, "SURPRISED?"

SURPRISED INDEED! - YOU CAN BET ON THAT
"BUT HEARKEN, SOL, STAY PUT...SIT PAT.
YOU SEE, OLD MAN, I AM FEELING BLUE -
BUT YOUR GOLDEN RAYS SAY, " THAT'S TABOO."

HE PONDERED BEHIND HIS SHINING MASK
AND SOON MADE LIGHT OF THE DAY'S LONG TASK;
HE FILLED THE CELL, AND BEFORE MY EYES
MY BURDEN EASED; I WAS SURPRISED!

THE SECRET WORD FOR TODAY IS BIMBO!

Even though our old buddy, Mickey, has been discharged, his memory lingers on.

Before he left he penned the following page to be included in this issue.

THE CRYING CORNER

Well, it has arrived at last. My time is in and my release is at hand. By the time this copy of CHANGING TIMES is distributed, I too will be outside the walls of this prison.

With concentrated effort on my part, and a lot of luck, perhaps I may never return. No one who honestly appraises the situation can say that he definitely will not be back - particularly with this Mandatory Parole bit.

I hope I am lucky enough to get an understanding Parole Officer who, although having the power to do so, will not, for some insignificant reason, or as is the case in some instances, no reason, revoke my parole.

If I am this fortunate, then I have a fair chance of staying on the outside. I don't really expect too much from my Parole Officer - just to be treated as a human being who, like everyone else in the world, makes mistakes.

Many people will think it strange that I leave here with mixed emotions, and that there are good and bad memories to look back on. I only wish I could find a way to continue my struggle and arguments against the parole system as well as the prison system while I am on the outside.

Power is a gift that some people turn to terror while others use it for good. I can only hope that they bring in more of the people who use their power and strength to help strengthen others.

We often hear the word "humanitarian". I say it's about time we put the meaning of the word to use in our prison system.

You may have some failures, for no



one is perfect. Nor is any system. But I am sure understanding, counselling, open visits, more passes, less quibbling over small things and a general interest in the individual would greatly enhance the inmate's chance of survival on the outside.

I would like to take time to say "so long" to all the people I know and to thank the Editor for allowing me the opportunity of writing this column for the past few months.

If some of my words seem slightly repetitious it is because I am trying, in my humble way, to get across some of the major faults in our rehabilitation system.

I thank my readers for taking the time to read my column. I hope you enjoyed it.

MY BROTHER, ANGELO

Ever since I can remember I have been an admirer of my brother, despite his dishonesty. To me he represented most of the things I lacked: good looks, expensive clothes and a glib tongue that attracted both women and money in a seemingly magical manner.

Pa wanted Angelo, who was eight years older than I, to learn the barbering business or at least get himself an honest job. But Angelo possessed an aversion to work of any kind, spending much of his time in Sherman's Pool Parlour, from the rear room of which he operated a numbers game. The raid on the premises that brought this lucrative source of income to a sudden end in no way interrupted the flow of money for long. Angelo found many ways to replenish his wallet, chief of which was gambling... He was particularly proficient with the cards.

After breakfast one day, Pa, as was his custom, lit his pipe and, crossing his legs, settled back comfortably in his chair to read the newspaper. This morning he had unfolded it to find Angelo's picture displayed prominently on the front page.. He's been charged with murdering a rival card player during an all night poker game at which the stakes were unusually high.

"Santa Maria!" Pa roared. A long list of saintly names - many of which I'd never heard before - spilled irreverently from his lips in rapid succession. There was no consoling my furious father.

Angelo was duly convicted on a reduced charge of manslaughter and sentenced to five years in prison. And now my brother was free! He'd come straight home to find Pa's feelings towards him not only unchan-

ged but more violent if anything.

"No coma back no more! I no wanna see!" Pa shouted, pointing to the door. Fortunately there were no customers in the shop. The smile on Angelo's face faded. In frustration he jammed the hand he'd extended in greeting deep into his pocket and stomped from the barber shop, slamming the door behind him.

Pa quit ranting long enough to say "I no wanna you be like him. You make gooda barber. If no...." He left the sentence unfinished but I knew what he meant.

Tuesday morning, the day following Angelo's homecoming, was a sunless and chilly day. This morning Pa didn't open the shop at eight o'clock as usual. I heard him talking excitedly to Ma in the bedroom above and shrugged, ate my breakfast and went to school.

Upon arriving home for dinner, I could tell from mother's red-rimmed eyes that she'd been crying. I asked..... "What's the matter, Ma?"

She stopped stirring the spaghetti sauce and put her arm around my shoulders. "Mario," she said, "Something bad comma to Papa. He's going blind. No can cutta da hair very gooda no more. What can we do?"

So that was it!

"He's a justa open up," she went on. "Be gooda boy, Mario. Go ina barber shop and maybe sweepa da floor or cleana da sink."

"Sure, Ma. Don't worry. Everything will be O.K.," I said encouragingly.

I went into the adjoining shop, got a cleanser from the cupboard and going to the sink, spread the powder around the porcelain bowl.

A middle-aged man, the first customer of the day, was getting a haircut... Out of the corner of my eye I watched

Pa blink continuously, distress plainly evident on his face. As he snipped away there came a snapping sound. The sharp scissors had sheared off the end of the comb.

I looked up to see Pa get another one from the drawer and resume barbering as if nothing had happened.

I returned my attention to the sink and was sloshing the water around in it when the customer emitted a loud "Oh!".

"I'sa sorry. Dat'sa first time it ever happen. Pleasa sit still -- I fix." Pa said and hastily grasping a styptic pencil from the counter applied the astringent to the lobe of the man's ear. The organ bled profusely, defying his attempt to stop the bleeding. He tried alum and styptic powder. They had no effect. The white shroud covering the customer became splotted a vivid red.

and snatched his hat from the rack with the other. He hurried from the shop.

The injured man's words cut deeply for Pa had been a barber for thirty or thirty five years and took considerable pride in his tonsorial skill.

He gave out with a violent oath and hurled the offending scissors to the floor. During such tantrums I knew that my best policy was silence.

Pa locked the shop and that afternoon consulted a doctor. It was suppertime when he returned. As to the doctor's findings he said nothing and from his glum disposition I gathered that whatever he'd learned wasn't favorable.

For the rest of the week Pa, wearing dark glasses, stumbled about the house and finally took to sitting on the back porch, brooding.



Pa grew frantic. So did the customer.

"What kind of a barber are you, anyway?" he bellowed. "I'm going to report you to the Union. You're not fit to hold a licence!" With one hand to his bleeding ear he brushed past me and

Monday morning I was enjoying my cereal when Ma came rushing downstairs with a look so alarming that my spoon fell into the bowl, showering milk onto the table cloth.

"Mario!", she exclaimed, "Phonda ambulance -- quick! Pa, he'sa have da break-a-down!"

Pa was sent to the Hospital and I stayed home from school.

With my chum, Butch, I lounged on the broad steps of St. Anne's church, a block from home and discussed the previous days events. A late model car drew to the curb before us. My eyes swept over its sleek, sun-capturing exterior and then through the vehicle's interior. It was my brother Angelo. He beckoned to me.

"How's everything at home, Mario?"

"Not so good."

"What d'ya mean?"

"Well, Pa's sick and the shop has been closed. Ma cries all day."

"What's wrong with Pa?"

I told him of Pa's affliction and the resultant nervous breakdown. He's in hospital now," I added.

"That's too bad," Angelo remarked.. Holding out his hand he said....."Here give this to Ma - it'll help. Take care of her Mario. Well, so long...I gotta date!"

The car moved away and disappeared around the corner.

I eyed the roll of bills Angelo had stuffed into my hand.

"Geez, he's got a lot of dough...!" Butch exclaimed, staring at the wad of money.

"Wonder who he's dating now?" I said to myself, unmindful of Butch's remark.

"he's only been out a little while," Butch said, as if reading my mind, "and I've seen him with three different girls."

A few days later, this conversation took place at the Hospital.

"But Mr. Chandler, you needn't deprive yourself of an eye, since the Hospital has an eye bank for purposes such as this. Though I must admit that better results could be expected from...shall I say....a live subject."

"The more reason for having it done this way, Doctor."

"But you're a young man with your

whole life before you. Won't you regret it later?" Doctor Marvin asked in somewhat of a dissuasive tone of voice.

"No, I'm sure I won't!"

Rising from the chair behind his desk and offering his hand, Dr. Marvin said, "Not many would do what you are doing, Mr. Chandler. I'm proud of you."

Accepting the firm handshake, Mr. Chandler said, "Thanks, Doc. It's the least I can do for Mr. Bartello."

Taken down the hall to the office of Dr. Horowitz, the eminent specialist and eye surgeon, Mr. Chandler sat waiting while Dr. Marvin acquainted his colleague with the facts.

"M-mmmm," Dr. Horowitz murmured....

"You're quite sure you want to go ahead with this?" he asked, turning to the prospective donor.

"Definetly!"

"I see. Well, first I must examine your eyes. It may be that neither of them is suitable. When could you call in?"

"Call in? Couldn't you look at them now, doctor? I'd like to have it done with!"

"You're very anxious and determined young man. Yes, I can look at them now!" Adjusting his spectacles the doctor went through his detailed examination.

"Fine," he pronounced finally.....

"Both of your eyes are in excellent condition and of the right color.....Now tell me, which is it going to be?"

"I'd like to keep the right one if I may."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Chandler. Either one will do us. Now when do you wish to check into the hospital?"

"Immediately!"

"Don't you want to straighten out your affairs?"

"I came prepared, doctor."

"Well, I'm sorry. I can't possibly

be ready for the operation until Thursday. Will that be all right?"

"Fine, sir. I shall be here."

"You realize, Mr. Bartello," Doctor Marvin explained the next day, "that both of your eyes were damaged by glass splinters; one more than the other. You are not a young man, Mr. Bartello. You should have come to see me a long time ago. Do you think you could get along with one good eye?"

"One eye? I dunno, doctor. Maybe. I'sa know one fell-a long time ago..... he'sa gotta justa one eye anda hesa good barber. You save'a one eye, eh Doc?"

"No, I can't do that. But there's a young man, a Mr. Chandler who's heard of your trouble and wants to donate one of his eyes to you."

"Mist who. Who'sa dat.....Never heard of him. Why he wanta do such a thing? I glad, but da man, disa Mist Candle, he musta be craze -- no? I no understand."

"You don't know him? Hmmm. Well, I don't think he's crazy. You should be thankful!"

"oh, I'sa thankful, doctor...I'sa thankful! I just no understand why he do. Where is he? I like to speaka with him."

"Mr. Chandler will see you after the operation. And then only if it is successful. He wants it that way."

Internes and nurses, but for the rustle of their starched uniforms, sped silently along the polished passages... The odor of antiseptic was everywhere.

Wheeled past the surgery, Mr. Chandler rose on his elbows, looked through the wide doorway and smiled upon the anaesthetized Mr. Bartello and then lay back, the smile lingering seemingly defiant of the ether's relaxing somnolence though he breathed deeply.

On Saturday, more than a week later the padding was to be removed from Pa's right eye. With Ma, I was there to see whether the operation had succeeded.

Dr. Marvin unravelled the bandage, and covering the less damaged eye, said "Open the eye, Mr. Bartello, slowly.....

very slowly."

Pa did so with a very worried expression.

"Can you see my hand?" the doctor inquired, waving it from side to side before the patient's face.

"I see da hand, doctor. No very good but I see."

"Fine, Mr. Bartello, fine....You're going to be all right. We shall have to keep the eye bandaged except for a few minutes each day for a week or so. Now I have a visitor for you. Mr. Chandler. I'll keep the bandage off for a few moments until after you meet him."

We turned towards the door.

"Mr. Bartello," the doctor said....
"Mr. Chandler, your donor."

Ma fainted. My eyes widened in disbelief and I just managed to catch her before she hit the floor. Pa squinted... Aided by his weak eye his gaze gradually focused on the shadowy approaching figure. He stared incredulously. A tremor skipped along his jaws.

With eager arms he reached up and clasped the visitor to his heaving breast. Latin emotion burst through and tears rolled unashamedly down his face from the eye that had not been operated on.

The door to the room was ajar....A trio of nurses, drawn by Pa's outburst, witnessed the little drama and because the sight of grown men crying is very affecting, their eyes, too, became moist.

And though I hadn't shed a tear since the day the cop confiscated my air rifle for firing it within the city limits, I cried too.

And Pa still held the donor to his breast.... Mr. Chandler.!

It was my Brother, Angelo !

HELP WANTED!

One instructor, particularly adept at forceful teaching.

Duties will consist of teaching many of our cohorts in the art of "picking up a metal chair when they have to move it." Must have perseverance and much patience!

THEN AND NOW

A SHORT TIME AGO, LONG YEARS PAST
I CAME TO LOVE YOU.
BEFORE THEN I WALKED IN DARK AND DREARY PLACES
AND A GREAT HOLLOW WIND BLEW STRONG
AGAINST THE LANDSCAPE OF MY SOUL.
THERE CAME A VOICE, SAYING
"YOUNG MAN, WHO HAS NO GOD AND CAN FIND NONE,
WORSHIP BEAUTY, THERE, THERE."
I SAW THE FACE OF LOVLINESS THEN AND NOW, I KNOW
A PALE MARCH MOON SHONE ON THE SNOW.
SUNLIGHT BECAME MOONGLOW, GLANCING OFF FROZEN WATER,
A REFLECTION OF A REFLECTION OF A REFLECTION
LIKE THE STRANGE ILLUMINATION OF A REMEMBERED REMBRANDT,
AS WHEN THE BEAUTY OF OUR OWN BEING
PEEKS BACK AT US FROM THE FACE OF ANOTHER.

((Strong))

G I R L

There are quiet green places
and clear babblin' brooks,
Song birds twitter
in deep shadey nooks,
Jade pillared halls
'neath azure blue sky,
And deep honey clover
where my love and I lie.

A butterfly courtesies
to a flower so bright,
A swallow is winging
at a dizzying height,
A bumble bee humming
clouds ride the breeze,
She loves me, she loves me
and a new world I see.

((Strong))

The Ink Spots, The Mills Brothers, The Deep River Boys, The Four Lads, The Four Aces, The Drifters.

Give or take a few years, the above mentioned singing groups have been some of the big names over the past three decades. Any accrued total of their record sales would, I am sure, stagger one's thinking.

Memories, nostalgic memories, were recently brought home of yet another group - to many, the best known of all - THE PLATTERS, with the appearance in our little rock-bound home of Norris Vines and The International Set.

Although not a member of the original Platters, Norris does have the distinction of being with them longer than anyone else - eleven years. Replacing Tony Williams in 1959, Vines, along with Herb Reed, Zola Taylor, Dave Lynch and Paul Robi, kept a compact and highly entertaining group going until the latter part of 1970 when he went out on his own.

"I suppose it is the secret wish and desire of every vocalist," he said "to want to go it alone. I was no exception."

Almost two years later, and after hundreds of appearances, a common union between Bob Sutton, Gene Gary, Raymond Roper and Norris brought about The International Set. A new group was born - and they have been packing them in ever since.

"We do not call ourselves The Platters," Norris explains. "Rather, we bill ourselves as 'The International Set, Featuring The Best Of The Platters. Anything else would be dishonest." Spoken by a man with a great deal of integrity.

Minus one man (Ray Loper) who had business commitments, "The Set" came trundling through the North Gate, complete with equipment, attire and enthusiam - and completely captivated the (already captive!) audience for nearly two solid hours. The entire show can be summed up in one word - CLASS!

Each number is integrated with its own choreography. These guys never stop movin'! The reason is quite simple.

"Package deal" shows were a big thing a few years back, wherein three or four different groups would appear on the same show and try to outperform each other. Clothes and electronic supplements were not always enough and if two groups happened to be of reasonably equal calibre, entertainment wise, the one with the most imagination would get the most accolades. In other words, a gimmick was needed.

One of Norris' stock-in-trade habits is to mingle with the audience and, as he says, "become part of them." This he did here.

"I like to mix with the crowd, make up to a pretty girl and make them feel that we are in the show together."

While there are no girls here, pretty or otherwise, there are a couple of guys I'm not quite sure of!

The "Front Four" (in this case, three) possess that all important ingredient in the dog-eat-dog world of professional entertainment - coordination and communication. It is indeed a pleasure to watch, and hear, a sychromized machine such as this.

While Norris Vines gets top billing and is, in reality, the leader, the remaining front-liners need take a back seat to no one.

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Both Bob Sutton and Gene Cary are supremely talented and polished performers, at the same time being able to supply just enough comedy relief to keep everyone loose.

While every group must necessarily have a leader, where would the group go without the supporting performers? They could be assimilated to the members of a dog sled team. They work WITH the leader - but - without them, the leader goes nowhere! How's that for comparison????

The back-up group to these talented men are equally as talented in their own right.

Mark Hawken (organ), Ron Lakin (Drums), Ron Lappard (Sax) and George Lee (Guitar) could without a doubt hold their own with any of the groups playing the circuit these days - and then some.

I was particularly taken with the artistry of Ron Lappard ~~on the~~ ~~Tenor~~ Sax. This is no the easiest instrument in the world to play - but Ron made it seem that way. Only when he was taking a solo did he come to the front - and then with finesse... The remainder of the time you could "feel" his music - and that is the sign of a good one.

Mark Hawken plays a whole pile of organ and it was a true delight to hear his artistry. This also applies to George Lee on guitar.

A truly fine group and a credit to professional entertainment. Hurry back , gang. We'll be waiting for you.

LOVE

by
Wm.P.Clark

To think that one as old as I
could sit and watch as love goes by,
Would be a foolish thought indeed
as love is something that we need.

Love is a word so loosely used
and often times grossly abused,
But if one stops and gives it thought
they'll soon find out it can't be bought.

It's something that you deeply feel
and doesn't always seem quite real,
That's why words are so hard to find
although you search and search your mind.

Now here's a fact that is a fact
there are those who don't know how to act,
When love does finally come their way
they think that it's a game you play.

But feelings can't be tossed about
as very soon you'll find this out,
As you're the one that ends up hurt
when with love you try to flirt.

So be careful of the words you choose
for fear that in this life you lose,
The most descriptive meaning of -
that little word, that's known as LOVE!

LOOKING BACK

Last October 9th., the N.H.L. started their long schedule - and it is now drawing to a close with practically every playoff spot decided.

In September (for the October edition) I pulled out the old crystal ball and made a few predictions, and many cynics jumped from the woods. So - I'd like to look back and just see how I have done, and also make my excuses for any miscalculations (better known as foul ups.)

Here is what I said:

"Philadelphia, Montreal, Toronto and Chicago will win their respective divisions."

Well - the Flyers and Canadiens have locked theirs up while the Hawks (74 pts at this writing) are in a three way battle with the Canucks (75) and St. Louis (73).

I figure the Canuck's tough schedule, 4 games in 5 days, will be their downfall and the Hawks will put the Blues away themselves on April 5th.

As for the Leafs, what can I say other than I pulled a boo-boo, but if they could arrange to play ALL their games against the Flying Frenchmen, they'd win the Cup in four straight!

I have to come up with a minimum .500 average and, possibly, a .750 on that prediction.

As for the playoffs, well the two teams I picked for the finals (Rangers over the Hawks) are in the running - and in this kind of a short series, anything can happen.

In my "Gridiron Guesses" I am also averaging .660. The Alouettes won the Grey Cup and the Vikings lost in the Super Bowl, but not to New England as I said, but to the Steelers.

In my final predictions for

the Major Junior OHA, I said it was the Marlies - and they coasted home with the spoils.

I also mentioned that the Kingston Canadiens were in a good spot to make it this year, and, just by the skin of their teeth, the managed to squeeze into the last play - off spot.

I also mentioned that the line of Crombeen, Rhiness and Mc Kegney would lead the team in scoring and would also be in the league's top 20 scoring. This last may be not exactly correct, but I'll use the alibi of injuries to Mc Kegney and Rhiness as the reason they didn't make it (if I find they came up a little short.

[Special Note To Our Editor]

(I have to be averaging .500 at least, over all! Not bad for a guy who has "flipped his gourd!")

SWAMIS' UNANIMOUS

A month after I chose to enlighten the world with my brilliant prognostications, several other Swamis got in to the act. Here are the percentages of perfection!

HEPBURN - .500 with Philly and Buffalo, and maybe .750 if the Canucks hang in there, but L.A. seems to be his downfall. He picks Philly to take any and all comers for the Cup.

"BUTTERBALL" - .250 with Philly his only sure thing, but maybe .500 with the Canucks. He also chose L.A. and the Leafs. He figures the Kings will make it to the finals only to lose out to the Flyers.

BIRMINGHAM - Buffalo and Montreal, make him another 50% and with the Hawks in a position to make it 75%. The Rangers are his only error! He picked Buffalo for the whole thing, and, as their only supporter, could come up smelling like a rose if they do.

MANN - Here is the top dog so far

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with his picks of Philly, Montreal and Buffalo. He only needs Vancouver to make it for a perfect shot. He figures the Sabres aren't rough enough for Philly and that will cost them the cup.

MAGUIRE - Here's another 25% depending on Vancouver to bring it up to respectability. Buffalo was his only winner and he figures the Cahucks will be the ones to do it to the Sabres in the finals.

OUR ESTEEMED EDITOR (are you ready for that?) - He's like most of us, running at two in the bag (Philly and Montreal) praying for a third (Chicago) to make it and giving up hope on the other (Boston). He may find that the Bruins just won't be able to beat the Flyers in the finals, as he predicted, but as has been said before, it's a short series. (Who said I'd given up hope? [Ed.])

HEWITT - Here's another Flyer and Canadien booster, with Vancouver still in the running. But Boston just can't make it. His choice in the finals is just the opposite of our illustrious editor (bright lights on his bald spot make him shine!). He says Philly over the Bruins again this year.

SO MUCH FOR OUR SWAMIS

SLAPSHOTS

Borje Salming may not make the All Star Team in the NHL balloting, but I can assure you that he's the pick of most of our hockey buffs here.....The hockey exec's in the Junior ranks are crying about the Pro's and the way they're being treated. Have they ever considered the "rape" of the Minor hockey that they are doing? (See the editorial coming next month for more on this.).....Red Bownass deserved the heave-ho, but Scherer and the Canadien Executive could have shown a little more class and finesse in the way they handled the whole thing -- especially after telling Red that he wouldn't be back next year, but they wanted him to finish out the season....Maybe the OHA's decision against Hap Emms will make the crotchedy oldS... O..B... join Durbano on the sidelines, thereby giving the players in the Hawk's organization a break.....He may not score a lot of goals, but if young Bromely who has guarded the Sabre's nets so well doesn't get a lot of support as "Rookie Of The Year", the whole damned thing is rigged.....Coverage of the Floor Hockey and Volleyball exhibition schedule will be completed and up to date in time for the next edition.....This writer would like to welcome a new Sports Committee to the scene.. It is hoped that Edmonds, Cooper and White are given everyone's cooperation and that they do not run into a lot of unnecessary problems that make the job harder..... I know all three and figure they are as hard working as you will find when it comes to keeping the con's rec. program going. BUT, they'll only be able to do so much if the guys foul them up, so, fellas, give them your support.

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To the illustrious call letters of your favorite radio station, one more should be added -- KCON -- the voice of the inmate.

Twice a week (Friday and Saturday) two would be disc-jockeys (!) spend eight hours in a "blind cell" playing records and trying to be humorous. They succeed in the first -- fail, miserably, in the second.

For local consumption only (that's a biessing!) records are some of long standing here. some are donated by the local stations and some others are "loaners" from the staff. A letter of thanks goes to all.

Alky and yours truly are not trying to run opposition to anyone. We are just trying to do something for YOU, the inmate. If we do not have the records you want, we cannot help it. We play what we have!

FADED JEANS

A faded pair of old blue jeans,
Frayed, and ragged at the seams;
Yes, faded jeans I'm thinking of,
Worn by the woman I truly love.

She took them in a tiny bit,
Thinks she got a better fit;
Little tight now, where she sits,
All right though: I don't mind a bit.

Sometimes, in sleep, I see those jeans,
And, as they get older, to me it seems
They're made by appointment to a queen,
My queen of hearts in all my dreams.

Yes, time can fade those old blue jeans,
But, on her, the time just doesn't show;
In life I've known my share of queens,
They all were kind of nice, you know -

B U T !

NOT ONE

WHO LOOKED

SO NICE AS THIS

SWEET FRENCH, I'VE SEEN

THIS MISS IN HER FADED JEANS!

HAPPINESS, A TREE?

I came upon an old recluse,
And I wondered openly
"What made him shun the human race
To live up in a tree?"

"This apple tree is my friend," said he,
"Much better than a wife;
For it gives me food and shelter,
And shall do so all my life.

For I cannot love a human being,
Though, many times, I've tried;
It seems they only want of me,
My money and my pride.

Though once I loved a woman,
As true as true could be;
Her beauty shone from deep within,
But shone for all to see.

(cont.)

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But being only human,
Alas, I failed to see;
The gleam that came into her eye,
When my friend came home with me.

Well I dwelled on this for quite some time,
While the old man stared at me;
And then I asked him, if he could,
"Please help me find a tree!"

NOTE:

The preceding were both written by Erv. Sinnett



Two new publications arrived in
our office recently. Support of
both is suggested by anyone with
the knowledge that, after all -
prisoners are people.

Bob

KONTACT

a new venture by "a group of families and friends of prisoners", this
magazine has all the earmarks of being something long lacking - a communication
medium for our loved ones on the outside.

Two Susans, Chadwick and Kenny, are listed as Editor and Assistant with
contributions supplied by other interested and active members.

I urge anyone with a husband or a boy friend behind bars to contact and/
or work with KONTACT: 3-1787 Walker Road, Windsor, Ontario. N8W 3P2

TIGHTWIRE

Probably the newest member of the Penal Press, TIGHTWIRE is published
six times per year by The Prison For Women.

Listing Kathy Kelly, Nancy Ward-Armour, Rose Hubbard and B.J. Beasley
as staff, our sister project costs \$2.00 per year.

The address is TIGHTWIRE, P.O. Box 515, Kingston, Ontario.

WHY NOT GIVE THEM A TRY

MY BATTLE WITH A RAT

(Wm. P. Clark)

I recall an incident that happened at home
in the middle of the night,
Young Larry came running into our room
with a look on his face of fright.
His screams pierced the quietness of the night
and wakened us from our sleeping
I couldn't make out what he was trying to say
because of his sobbing and weeping.

When finally we did get him settled somewhat
and on the edge of our bed where he sat,
He related a story of what he had seen
of a filthy and very large rat.
I told him I didn't believe him at all
that it was probably a mouse instead,
And that he had better stop all of his weeping
and get himself back into bed.

But because he insisted he was telling the truth
I went into his room and looked 'round,
And there by the wall in the back of his bed
that dirty old rat I found.
It ran across the floor and into the kitchen
into the back of the stove out of sight;
I spent an hour or so to make it come out
then gave it up for the rest of the night.

It was early that morning around about seven
when I opened my eyes and did see
That filthy old rat on our bedside table
just sitting there, staring at me.
I whispered to Molly that she should be quiet
and pull the covers up over her head
With the rat gone from the top of the table
I cautiously slipped out of the bed.

I closed our door as I crept out of the room
in search of a weapon to fight -
That dirty, filthy, ugly old rat
that disturbed our sleep that night.
I found an old bayonet under the sink
which would serve the purpose intended.
For once I caught sight of that dirty old rat,
it's life would surely be ended.

With my pants tucked into the top of my socks
and bayonet in gloved hand held tight,
I returned to our room prepared for the battle
as I truly expected a fight.
From behind the wardrobe I heard something move
and cautiously closed in for the kill;
I raised the bayonet, then struck my first blow
and from the rat came a high piercing shrill.

But apparently I had only stunned that old rat
for in a few seconds it came bounding out
It made a weak lunge in the air toward me
and I struck it a blow on it's snout.
It fell back to the floor and quivered a bit
then laid still at the foot of the bed,
I poked it a bit with the tip of the bayonet
to make quite sure it was dead.

I look back on it now and I'm ashamed of the doubt
I showed to young Larry that night,
So I hope that I've showed by writing this poem
that I mean to put everything right.
It must have been quite a shocking experience
as well as quite terrifying,
But what must have hurt young Larry the most
was the fact that I thought he was lying!

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Elsewhere, I have summarily mentioned our appreciation to a number of people for their assistance in our record show. Please allow me to expand.

When permission was granted for us to undertake a " disc jockey " show we were faced with the problem of not having an up to date record library. Granted, we have quite a few records - some almost of the collector's-item category - but we are lacking, woefully, in modern platters. As a big majority here are of a younger age, this is the type of music they want.

A couple of phone calls has helped alleviate the problem...

Our sincere thanks are extended to Sandy Nichols of CKLC, Susan King of CKWS and Steve Cutway of CFRC, Queen's Radio, for coming to our aid with the loan and/or donation of records.

Special thanks also to the station managers at CKWS & CKLC, Alan Brooks and John Birmingham (Steve can take care of himself!). It is people such as these who help make our lot just a little bit easier.

Bob



WANTED

NAME- HENRY J. SUBSCRIBER (Charged with inferior reading habits)

ALIAS- JOHN Q. PUBLIC

REWARD- MANY HOURS OF INFORMATIVE READING

CONTACT- CHATLING TIMES, BOX 22, KINGSTON, ONTARIO. K7L 4V7

CANADIAN PENITENTIARY
SERVICE
SERVICE PENITENTIAIRE
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BOX 22, KINGSTON, ONT.
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Centre of Criminology
Library Department
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